

THE  
SEDITIONIOUS INSECTS:  
OR, THE  
k Levellers Assembled 2  
*England, Church of.* IN  
CONVOCAATION.  
A  
P O E M.

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*At cum Incerta volant, cæloq; Examina ludunt,  
Contemnuntq; Favos, & frigida tecta relinquunt,  
Instabiles Animos ludo prohibebis Inani  
Nec magnus prohibere labor. Tu regibus alas  
Eripe*

Virg. Georg. lib. IV.

---

But when the Swarms are eager of their Play,  
And loath their Empty Hives, and idly stray,  
Restrain the wanton Fugitives, and take  
A timely Care to bring the Truants back,  
The Task is easie: But to clip the Wings  
Of their Highflying Arbitrary Kings.

Dryden.

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L O N D O N :

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THE  
Seditious Insects, &c.

**N**E A R the Cool Verge of that Delightful Strand,  
Where winding *Thames* rowls over Golden Sand,  
Where Western Breezes fan the Gentle Air,  
And *Britain's* brightest Ornaments appear,  
An Ancient Hive of *Aristæan* Bees,  
With pleasure swarm'd among the Fragrant Trees.  
Long did their Labours o'er the Land diffuse  
Aerial Honey, and Ambrosial Dews,  
Collected from the Meads, and Rosie Bowers,  
And Morning Sweets, that tip the gaudy Flowers  
Of their gay Pride, despoiling every Plain,  
To feed with Heavenly Juice the humble Swain,  
And load with labour'd Sweets the flowing Land again. }  
Safe was their Hive from all oppressive Harms,  
No Dreams of Danger discompos'd their Swarms ;  
But fam'd for Peace and Order they were known,  
True Bees due Homage to Superiours own.

This was their State, when busie Moths arose,  
And Wasps Insidious, equally their Foes.  
Hornets and Drones, and all the humming Tribe  
Whom Hate cou'd Summon, or whom Int'rest Bribe.  
Gnats, Beetles, Locusts, all the Worthless kind  
Of hateful Insects in the Riot join'd,  
Buzzing false Dangers, and distracting Fears,  
In new Confusions now the Hive appears ;

Customs

Customs unknown to Ages heretofore  
Corrupt the Breed, the Virgin Race deflow'r.

So when False Teachers in the Church arise,  
Schism prevails, and true Religion dies ;  
Faith takes her flight, unable to sustain  
The Mighty Shock, Reason perswades in vain ;  
Till Heavenly Energy our Breast inspires  
With Sacred Sense of true Etherial Fires,  
Then the dark Clouds of Errour fly apace,  
And Revelation reassumes her Place.

Now the warm Foe their *Io Paans* sing,  
In every Vale loud Peals of Conquest ring ;  
The painted Butterfly with empty Sound,  
Proclaim'd the gaudy Triumph all around ;  
Every vile Insect to the Hive repairs,  
Foments the Tumult, and the Plunder Shares.

Sated with Spoil, with Victory elate,  
The Hostile Vermine whet their pointed Hate :  
Each Envious Thought they sooth, and proudly drive  
The Bees dejected from the Luscious Hive ;  
When their Just King touch'd with a Princely Zeal,  
To save his Subjects, and their Pressures heal,  
Gives up the Councillors who ill-advis'd,  
And their Immoderate Enterprize chastis'd,  
Another Set of Ministers he chose,  
And freed the Hive from their Vexatious Foes.  
With Rays of Heavenly Light returning Peace  
Smil'd on the Great Design, and Crown'd it with Success ;  
Such is the Power of Majesty Divine,  
When in full Lustre it vouchsafes to shine.

The



The Rebel Brood struck with amazing Dread,  
In trembling Horror and Confusion fled.

So have the Zealots of our Church appear'd,  
(If Little Things may be with Great Compar'd,)  
Busie with specious Dangers to amuse,  
With Patriots Fears the Populace abuse,  
When 'twas the Churches Honey rais'd the Cry,  
Join'd with the Sweetness of the Ministry.  
Had they still loll'd in Soft Luxurious Ease,  
The Church had flourish'd in Triumphant Peace,  
The *Synods* too been Safe, secure from Harm,  
(Tho' even in them some Holy Vermin swarm:)  
O say, Bright Goddess, whence this Temper flows,  
And show how first the Fatal Schism rose.

Long has the Papal Power aspir'd to reign  
With Universal sway: Why will they strive in vain?  
Some Angel still by a Divine Command  
Will interpose to save the British Land.  
Successive Plots, and Jesuitick Wiles,  
Open Attempts, and seeming Friendly Smiles,  
Have in their Turns, with the same vile Intent,  
Contriv'd the Ruin of this Government.  
This to promote, some Fathers heretofore  
Lavish of Labour, prodigal of Gore,  
Fain wou'd their Hands in Royal Blood imbrue,  
And bless'd the Deed as Meritorious too,  
Since the Libation to the Church was due.  
This Sainted Herd, this Vile, Deceiving Race,  
Now in Rich *Fresco* at \* *Loretto* blaze;

B

Where

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\* See Mr. Addison's Remarks on Italy,

Where Speaking Marble do's their Story tell,  
 This for the Faith, that for Religion fell;  
 When for the worst of Crimes the Hellish Breed,  
 Did by the Justest Law of Nations Bleed.

Such Saints as These *England* too much has known,  
 Who *Clemens* and *Ravilliac's* Maxims own;  
 King-killing Doctrines, and Deposing Crowns,  
 Too oft have been the Theme of Servile Gowns.  
*Peters* and *Ferguson* may surely claim  
 A Share with *Garnet* in Immortal Fame.  
*Lacy* and *Marion* too in time may vie  
 With either kind for Gifts and Prophecy;  
 The same Seditious Spirit forms their Will  
 For Mischiefs, Arm'd alike with Blind Ungovern'd Zeal.  
 Whole Ages have such Emissaries try'd,  
 This much too fickle Nation to divide  
 With open Violence. In Eighty-eight  
 They lead their easie King, and rid the yielding State.  
 Law fell before their Arbitrary Sway,  
 And now they Smil'd, and Bless'd the Happy Day,  
 When *British* Liberty no more shou'd stand  
 In opposition to Supream Command.

Thus were we crush'd by the Intrigues of *Rome*,  
 Till Glorious *Nassau* had revers'd our Doom;  
 He came to save us with extended Arms,  
 Restore our Laws, and break the Tyrant's Charms,  
 Rescue the Church from her insulting Foes,  
 And leave the Nation in a Blest Repose;  
 This done, he fled to his Congenial Sphere,  
 And shines upon the Land a Bright Auspicious Star.

Forgive,



Forgive, Immortal *Hero*, if my *Muse*,  
 Conscious of Weakness, her own Theme pursues,  
 Nor aims to Praise so Excellent a King,  
 None but a *Virgil* shou'd a *Cæsar* Sing.

With Mortal Pangs they saw the *Romish* Yoke  
 Thus by our Happy Revolution broke  
 By open force; despairing to succeed,  
 On New Designs their Factious Agents lead  
 Various Intrigues, their Curfed Engines try,  
 No Difficulties daunt their Industry,  
 But what the Sword denies they attempt by Prophecy. }  
 Earth, Hell, and Seas, they'll compass to deceive,  
 And Glory in the Toil if *Profelites* believe.

So when Imperial *Juno* had implor'd  
 The Thunderer's Aid to crush the *Trojan* Lord,  
 The Awful God denying her Request,  
 Told her, *Æneas* must in *Latium* rest;  
 But she Impatient, by strong Passion mov'd,  
 (So much a Female Jesuit she prov'd)  
 Besought the Powers beneath to be her Friends,  
 And went to Hell to gain her Pious Ends.

Sure 'twas from thence this Gifted Spirit came,  
 No Heavenly Fire, but an Infernal Flame,  
 Design'd by *Jesuits* to destroy Our Ease,  
 And pall the Joys of our United Peace.

For this, Seditious Spirits in disguise  
 Swarm in the Church, tho' they that Church despise:

Loudly

Loudly they boast her Ancient Rights and Fame,  
 Whilst underhand they play a Popish Game.

The Seed of *Loyola* with Artful Pains

First fixt this High-Church Poyson in our Veins,

Infecting too too many of our Youth,

Who, blindly led, fell from the Cause of Truth.

*Isis* no more can boast of healing Streams,

The Deity has long withdrawn his Beams ;

Displeas'd that they polluted his Abode,

That High-Church Victims now his Altars load,

And Priests no Incense offer worthy of a God.

Hence we derive the Cause of all our Woes,

From hence the Dangers of the Church arose ;

Hence empty *Libertines* with Modish Air,

At Myst'ry laugh, and all Religion jeer ;

When Fountains are corrupt, how can the Streams be  
 clear ?

So when at *Athens* the Degenerate Race  
 Left their old Morals, new Ones to Embrace,  
 The Guardian Deities their Shrines forsook,  
 In vain the Victims on their Altars smoak ;  
 In vain the Fragrant Gums in Spheres ascend,  
 Th'unhallow'd Incense did but more offend :  
 Then Highflown Priests their new Distinctions brought,  
 And Faction for Religion first was taught ;  
 Then Piety and Ancient Faith decay'd,  
 And Synod-Men the Churches Right betray'd ;  
 Then Vice and Vertue were in Schools defin'd,  
 As the Declaiming Stagyrte inclin'd ;  
 But Truth abandon'd did in Secret Mourn,  
 And begg'd the Blooming Goddess to return.



O say, Celestial Muse, the Reason tell,  
 Why in those Heavenly Men such Passions dwell?  
 Why those who preach Religion, Zeal profess,  
 And for the Church such Flaming Love confess,  
 Shall in vile Terms of their Superiors speak,  
 Slight their Authority, their Orders break;  
 In open Disobedience live, and rail,  
 And hope by Innovations to prevail,  
 With Intermediate Sessions, why confound  
 The Churches Peace, the Convocation wound?  
 By Rights Usurp'd why Presbyters prepare  
 Their Primate's Power without Consent to share,  
 And fill without his leave the Prolocutor's Chair?  
 Why to their Members they pretend to give  
 Commissions to absent? Why grant 'em leave,  
 And by what Right, with what assuming Face,  
 They substitute their Proxies in their Place?  
 Why Actuaries they chose? But with intent  
 T'infringe the Power of their President,  
 Whose most Undoubted Right 'thas always been  
 As well for to Prorogue as to Convene.  
 T'appoint his Register, of Deputation,  
 To act in either House or Convocation.  
 And why such grateful Thoughts these Men retain,  
 Of the Transcendent Mildness of this Reign,  
 So warmly to oppose the Lords Address, \*  
 Where in the Humblest Terms they did express  
 Their Thanks to Heaven for that Illustrious Queen,  
 In whom such Wondrous Piety is seen;

C

Whose

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\* The Bishops Address of Thanks refused by the Lower-House.

Whose unexampled Bounty has declar'd  
 How much the Churches Welfare she rever'd;  
 Such true diffusive Charity reveals  
 What Sense of Goodness in her Soul she feels.  
 A Charity which in its Nature shews  
 Heaven for its Birth-place, where it first arose,  
 From whence descending to her Royal Breast,  
 The Radiant Virtue Kind'red Flames Confest,  
 And own'd the Bright Abode, worthy the Godlike  
 Guest.

For me, the first Desire which does Controul  
 The Secret Springs which move my rising Soul  
 Is, that her Glorious Reign I might rehearse  
 In equal Numbers, and distinguish'd Verse.  
 But far, O far above the Poet's Flame  
 Is her Bright Story, and Immortal Name.  
 Cou'd I, like *H---x*, in lasting Strains  
 Transcend the *Mantuan* or *Mæonian* Swains,  
 Then shou'd her more than Mortal Vertue shine,  
 And Heavenly Eloquence adorn each Line;  
 Then shou'd my Happy Muse record her Fame,  
 And *ANN A's* Glory be my endless Theme;  
 But whether does the Ravish'd Muse Aspire?  
 Not *Phæbus* boasts a more exalted Fire,  
 Or touches with more Art the sweetly founding Lyre.

In vain our Monarch labours to engage,  
 With all her Clemency, these Men of Rage,  
 Who their Defect of Duty wou'd supply,  
 By wrangling for their Independency.

Who



Who without Precedent insist to use  
 Forms of their own, and their own Methods chuse;  
 Tho' former Synods always in like Case  
 Comply'd with the Directions of his Grace,  
 And Suffragans; but these too Wise are grown  
 T'acknowledge Duty, or Dependance own:  
 These claim a Right Co-ordinate with theirs,  
 And Model as they please the Church Affairs.  
 So *Puritans* of Old in the same Strain,  
 Did of the Bishops Legal Pow'r complain.  
 A Presbyterian Parity they taught,  
 In the same Language which by these is brought,  
 To vindicate the Lower House's Claim,  
 By Advocates of the same Strength and Fame.

This Levelling Contention to promote,  
 Full many then, as well as now, have wrote,  
 Tho' none with more Asperity appears  
 Than Gifted *Urim*, void of Filial Fears;  
 He treats the Bishops with the same regard,  
 As if he for Presbytery declar'd.  
 Such foul Mistakes, such groundless Calumnies,  
 Occur in all this \* Sun-burnt Author says,  
 That Charity apart, one might believe  
 He did from Hell his Influence receive.  
 With Scorn of others, full of Self-conceit,  
 This Scribler undertook the Grand Debate,  
 Misrepresenting every thing that made  
 Against his Cause, and did with Art evade  
 The Force of Truth, as if deceiving was his Trade.  
 Thus to his Cause he Courted Partial Praise,  
 With all the Sophistry his Wit cou'd raise.

But

But whilst his Eloquence profusely Toils,  
 Old *Anarchy* reviews his former Spoils,  
 Pleas'd with the Thought the Shapeless Monster Smiles. }  
 Here the Episcopate in mournful hue

Appears, there falling Mitres strike the view.  
 For this Incestuous Twigg in Zealous Strains  
 Of President and Upper-House complains,  
 Quarrels with Bishops Rights and Dignities,  
 Since the Coy Lawn his fond Embraces flies.

For this Bold *B-----* in that dark Orb declaims,  
 He both the Church and Churches Head Blasphemes ;  
 No Sense of Piety or Grace restrain  
 The Heterodox Effusions of his Brain,  
 Who for his Party sticks at no Abuse,  
 But for the Cause will even his \* God traduce.

Elaborate *H-----* with the same Intent  
 Engages in this weighty Argument :  
 But of Bright Truth afraid, he soon retreats,  
 Still safe behind some puzzling Theme he gets ,  
 Where in round Periods, and Sonorous Words,  
 A Barren Entertainment he affords.  
 No Cogent Reas'nings in his Thoughts abound,  
 His Sense in Fairy Circles dances round, }  
 And never is without some Labour found. }  
 Nay, tho' the *M----* dignifies his Brows,  
 He still their Levelling Designs avows.

There

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\* A 30th of January Sermon, where he lessens Christ to extol the Martyr.



With flagrant Marks of most Irreverend Spleen  
 Loofe S---n is in his Letter feen.  
 There Inbred Calumny, and Native Spight,  
 Wrangle by turns for Lower-Houfe's Right ;  
 There High-Church Zeal defends Fanatick Claim,  
 Soft'ning Sedition by a milder Name,  
 To fave the Church with Scorn her Fathers Treats,  
 Such Rage of Schifm in his Bosom beats.  
 So Patriots of old, to fave the Crown,  
 Destroy'd its Power first, then pull'd their Sovereign  
 down.

Against Conviction, and the clearest Light  
 Of Sacred Truth, did railing N---m write  
 With Artificial Strokes of Party Skill,  
 He gilds their Errors with the Name of Zeal,  
 And the deluded Herd believe the lying Oracle. }  
 To fuch mean Shifts thofe Scribblers muft descend,  
 Who an ill Caufe avowedly defend.

Among thefe Champions A---- too appears  
 With \* *Hieroglyphics* of the Parties Fears ;  
 No wonder they the Church's Danger fee,  
 Who wou'd destroy the Church's Polity ;  
 Pull down her Bifhops, and their Rights betray,  
 And modelize the Church the fhorteft Way.

What wou'd the Parliament of Forty-one  
 Have given for fuch a Convocation ?

D

Such

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\* Vide *Oxford Alman.* 1706.

Such Levellers as these, such Sons of Zeal,  
 Sure at that time must have succeeded well,  
 When every Schismatick and gifted Saint,  
 Who cry'd down Bishops Pow'r in sawcy Cant,  
 Found such Rewards, and such Encouragement.

Wife + Pennington's Petition had appear'd  
 More Just, if Presbyters, like these, had shar'd  
 In the Church *Hierarchy* with less Disgrace,  
 Sacred Episcopists had yeilded Place  
 T' Inferiour Clergy of Reforming Race.  
 These are the Insects which the Hive infest,  
 And these give Life and Motion to the rest.  
 Numerous Meetings of the lesser Fry  
 Take Influence from these to raise the Cry  
 Of Danger to the Church from too assuming Prelacy.

Not far from that most Celebrated Hall,  
 Where the Rich Trophies of the Conquer'd Gaul,  
 The Glory of the *British* Host display,  
 And show the Wonders of that dreadful Day,  
 When *Marlbro'* great in Arms the Foe subdu'd,  
 And stopp'd with Heaps of Slain the rowling *Danube's*  
 Flood.

There stands a *Dome*, \* as Modern Stories tell,  
 Distinguish'd from its Neighbours by a Bell;  
 There the || Grand Inquest of Religion meet,  
 To forge new Scandals for the Church and State.

Thither

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† Against Episcopacy and Church Discipline.  
 \* Bell-Tavern, King-Street, Westminster.  
 || A Club of Priests, so called.



Thither the Tippling Priesthood flock in Shoals,  
 And leave to Heaven the trifling Care of Souls.  
 'Tis there the Tories find out Means to raise  
 Funds of Reproach, Volumes of Lying Lays,  
 To asperse the Queen, the Ministry disgrace ;  
 Whilst their own Peers of a distinguish'd Name,  
 Their *B's*, and *R's*, and *N's*, of Recent Fame,  
 Promote the Farce, and Glory in their Shame.  
 There the Irreverend Sots their Goblets Crown,  
 And in full Bowls all Moderation drown.

A Cast there is from this Mellifluous Swarm,  
 Who Nightly meet their Principles to warm,  
 Where Bloated *Bacchus* in gay Triumph rides,  
 And *Shut---*<sup>*h*</sup> provokes Salacious Tides ;  
 Hither the High-Church Vermin do retreat,  
 For where but at the *Devil* shou'd they meet ?  
 Drunk with Priest Wine new Dangers they perceive,  
 And for the Church in strong *Gallicia* grieve.

To rail secure, and fence against Alarms,  
 They shift and vary their industrious Swarms ;  
 Now the *Three* \* *Conies-Court*, and then the *Royal*  
Arms.

Where *Ben---*<sup>*y*</sup> Brews with *Lusitanic* Port  
 True *English* Redstreak, thither they resort,  
 And warm with Zeal perceive not the Abuse,  
 But for true *French* mistake the blended Juice ;  
 There mock Committees judge of each Debate,  
 And Convocation Bus'ness regulate.

Who

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\* *Shut---*<sup>*h*</sup> and her Two Daughters, so called.

There florid S--- in strong Oration shows  
 How far the Lower-House the Upper may oppose ;  
 With early Zeal he did their Cause embrace,  
 And in this Session claims the Chair-man's Place.  
 Sure some Malicious Star, an Enemy to Peace,  
 Shone o'er his Head when first he join'd with these ;  
 Too strong for the Bright Rays of Truth or Sense,  
 Virtue Innate, or Sey---r's Influence,  
 To hinder his Conjunction with that Crew,  
 Who seek to ruin Church and Nation too ;  
 His solid Judgment want of heat Supplies,  
 And speaks him only *Tory* in disguise.

H-----n next in the Black List appears,  
 This Butter-flie a fullen Aspect wears ;  
 No Saints his Gloomy Calenders contain,  
 But such as of the sinking Church complain.  
 The Tack he vindicates in Senseless Tone,  
 Do's none but Tories for true Patriots own,  
 And is in Church Disputes a meer pretending Drone. }

The next Vile Insect of the High-Church Clan  
 Says Grace to Northern Metropolitan ;  
 He from his Lord whole Paragraphs purloins,  
 And mingles Nonsense with most Reverend Lines ;  
 Roars for the Church, Triumphant in his Drink,  
 But rarely, very rarely, condescends to think.

D---g, a Wasp of the same Shape and Hue,  
 To Passive Principles and High-Church true,  
 Comes next in Place, tho' higher in Degree,  
 This Reverend Thing subscribes himself D. D.      He



He for Dragooning Learnedly declares,  
Such Zeal for Mother-Church this flutt'ring Insect bears.

Nor *S-----b* for Plagiarism is accus'd in vain,  
A Furious Bigot of the Tory Strain ;  
He knows to value Oaths far less than Gold,  
And how both VVife and Fellowship to hold ;  
VVho lest the Church shou'd think, as Bards report,  
VVill make the Play-house work for its Support.  
O ! *Collier* lay aside thy Manly Rage,  
Since thy own Priests in Buskins tread the Stage,  
To raise dejected Merit, and maintain  
The Grandeur of the Church without a stain,  
That Gold for Injur'd Rights no more atone,  
Be these peculiar to the *Whigs* alone.

VVell-natur'd *Pei-----n* I lament thy Fate,  
Mistaken Reas'ning prompted thee to hate  
That *Moderation* which adorns the Mind,  
And what alone in *Modern Whigs* we find ;  
High-Church apart thy Character is fair,  
Thou hast no other Fault but being there.

To this \* *Grand Oatcake Club* of quaint Divines,  
Gross *R---n* his Guts and Malice joins ;  
A Greezy *Ionian* of Amphibious Breed,  
VVho can for Gain with any Party lead ;  
But in his Nature opposite to those  
VVho healing Peace and Unity espouse ;

E

All

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\* *The Common Regale at Bently's.*

All the Extreame of the vile Tory Brood,  
 In him conjoin, with no Alloy of Good.  
 To him alike all Languages are known,  
 VVith the same Truth he understands his own;  
 This Pædagogue lives undisturb'd by Cares,  
 Nor minds the Widows Tears nor Orphans Pray'rs,  
 But rakes for Money for *Foundation* Boys,  
 Which he for Coals and Candles ends employs,  
 VVhilst he poor Man but Five *Pluralities* enjoys. }  
 Unknown in Morals, Character, and Fame,  
 To the *Great Founder*, of Illustrious Name,  
 VVhose Boundless *Charity*, and *High Deserts*,  
 He Impiously Lessens, and perverts.

Of *Irish* Extract, and *Hibernian* Sence,  
 (Qualifications for an Evidence,)  
 R--- Supercilious, Haughty, Dull, Morose,  
 Do's to the Board his Genuine Thoughts disclose;  
 So burning is his Zeal, that he declares  
 The Government too moderate appears  
 To those who from his Principles dissent,  
 Such *Smithfield* shou'd convert, and not the Parliament.

J---n a Locust of the Factionous League,  
 For Birth and Learning fam'd as his Colleague,  
 He Pray'rs and Preaching primitively blames,  
 And against Priestly Offices declaims;  
 Unhappy *Barthol'mew*, who must confide  
 In the loose Notions of this wand'ring Guide,  
 VVhom neither Goodness, Chastity, nor Peace  
 Adorn, nor any other Christian Grace;



T----d a Priest or Bishop, which you please,  
 Loose in his Morals, stiff in his Address,  
 Do's both the Club and Principles Caress.  
 From *Tweed* to *Roterdam* this Hornet shines,  
 And for the Cause in Florid Fustian whines.

In this Cabal all Vices you may trace,  
 Or in it O----r had found no place ;  
 If lying qualifies, or ardent Love  
 For Pious Theft, none can a better Title prove.  
*Arrowsmith's* Sermon Preach'd before the May'r,  
 To *Plagiary* his Aversion must declare ;  
 This Zealot to the Tory's High-Priest bows,  
 And offers up at F---- all his Vows ;  
 The Solid B---- smiles on his Address,  
 And in Propitious Dulness does him Bless ;  
 Conceited H---- with Melancholly Mien,  
 Adds to the Club his Piety and Spleen ;  
 But both affected, both uneasy sit,  
 For that can boast no Truth, and this no Wit.  
 Firm to the Cause, he wou'd at something aim,  
 Tho' strong in Zeal, he's in Performance lame ;  
 And after all his Pious Pains are o'er,  
 Tho' Lady F----ge his Fate deplore,  
 He's but the same dull Mortal that he was before.

If Arduous Spight, and most obdurate Hate,  
 To that Dear Name which must be ever Great,

Weigh

Weigh with this Club, none can more justly claim,  
Than *F-----* a Patent to defame.

This *Debauchee*, as Play-house Annals say,  
Ply'd at the Theatre in hopes of Pay,  
But proving there too awkward to succeed,  
Finding his Genius did to Action lead,  
He Lifted in the Service of High-church,  
And left his pompous Buskins in the Lurch.

With these the *L-----s* too demand a Place,  
Two drowzy Beetles of the Tory Race ;  
Both of our Modern Dangers were appriz'd,  
And at the falling Church seem'd much surpriz'd ;  
They thought the Lords too Fearless and Supine,  
And with *Tripe Higgons* at her Ease repine.

These Grand Intrigues most Zealous to assist,  
*D---n's* appears a vile traducing Priest ;  
His Fruitful Malice pleasingly beguiles  
Their Cares, on him the Black Assembly smiles,  
Whilst *Ten--n* and *William* he reviles.  
When *O--y* has his yawning Flock dismiss'd,  
And from her Pain St. *Peggy* is releas'd,  
This Mortal mounts a second time on high,  
Once more the Sacred Text to crucifie.  
He from the Scriptures evidently proves,  
The Modern Church on a false Axis moves ;  
Says she's to blame to tolerate her Foes,  
That Persecution better wou'd compose  
The Wavering Minds of her Rebellious Sons,  
If once convinc'd by *Orthodox* Dragoons.

These



These are the Club who for the Church appear,  
 And for her Discipline and Rights declare;  
 No Blemishes their Characters distain,  
 No Private Piques, no Sordid Hopes of Gain,  
 Corrupt the Dictates of their Sounder Sense,  
 Who act from Tory Principle and Influence.

Besides these constant Members there are some  
 Who casual Volunteers do thither come;  
 T----tt and lovely G----tt both have been,  
 Tho' not of late, with these Reformers seen:  
 Nature Rebels when Int'rest comes in play,  
 And Principles to stronger Tithes give way.

Some too there are whom Penury deters  
 From being in this Harvest Labourers;  
 Not that they want foul Slanders to defame  
 And brand the Ministers with Marks of Shame.  
 Fruitful in Impudence they still are found,  
 And with their Parties Villany abound;  
 Skilbec, and P---r Sh---w, and Thousands more,  
 Too Black for Honest Satyr to explore.  
 Others with Griping Avarice repleat,  
 In viler Liquors one another treat;  
 These frugal Sinners can supinely rail,  
 As warm'd by muddy Influence of Ale.\*  
 On clumsy Wings their feeble Spirits rise,  
 Before 'em hated Moderation flies,  
 And base Detraction want of Wit supplies.

F

Here

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\* Cross-Keys St. Martin's-Lane.

Here *F--d* and *B--r* of Noisie Fame,  
 With Hotspur *F---n* for the Church declaim,  
 And sink her Credit to exalt her Name.  
 Here *S-4* and *K--ys* do for the High-Church lye,  
 Damnation drink to *Nassau's* Memory,  
 O *Spar---g* have a Care of such vile Company.

Some not admitted, qualified appear  
 To taste the Sweetness of this High-Church Fare;  
*Thrifty* and *Gripewell* an Insipid Drone,  
 Do both the Spirit of the Party own;  
 Their Pious Spight and Sordid Thirst of Gain,  
 Betray their Patron's Temper in each Vein;  
 Unlike the happy † Saint whose Arms they bear,  
 No part of Cloak or Money will they spare.  
 Such Zeal for Perquisites of every kind  
 Dwells in the secret Foldings of their Mind,  
 That those \* who Scorn their Profits to divide,  
 Still feel the Weight of their Oppressive Pride.  
*Gripewell* in plenty rowls, deep sunk in Ease,  
 He leaves his Drudgery to Refugees.  
 Long have they been of that Tenacious Fry,  
 Who for Exaction even with *Jews* may vie,  
 Oppressing all who are beneath their Care,  
 So *Gripewell* does the Gain, *Thrifty* the Odium share.  
 They wisely know that to be Rich in Grace  
 They frugally must manage their Increase,  
 And make the most they can of Curates Place.

Such

† St. Martyn.

\* The Under Officers of the Church.



Such Evangelic Doctrines they disclose,  
 That Scar'd Communicants forsake their Vows,  
 Forc'd by these Vermin from the Face of Day,  
 Their Minds in wild Imaginations stray,  
 And in the Maze of Error lose their Way.

With these Divines Pert *H---d* may fit  
 In close Debate, a Vain Sarcastic Wit!  
 He threw of Moderation's easie Rule,  
 Impatient to expose a High-Church Fool,  
 In flaming Print the *Wou'd-be-Wit* appears,  
 Thund'ring loud Peals in Peaceful *He---y's* Ears.  
 But whilst with noisie Eloquence he roars,  
 And Hells Abyss for Scandal he explores,  
 Bright Liberty her Sacred Pinnions tries,  
 The Saint confess'd the Glory of her Eyes,  
 Drops his Design, and in a Sarcastm dies.

To close the Rear of this Highflying List,  
 Comes Ghostly *M---* the Cambridge Exorcist.  
 He in the Cause has so much Heat exprest,  
 He scarce with more his Landlady carest,  
 When from the *Tunns* she Nightly did repair,  
 To taste the Sweetness of St. *B---ts* Air:  
 But now those mean Embraces are no more,  
 His Am'rous Soul do's more Sublimely soar,  
 And tho' of High-Church Make can stoop to *C---r's*  
 Pow'r.

These of Inferiour Class which those combine,  
 And in the Convocation Riot join.  
 These Sow Sedition in the Peaceful Land,  
 And in the Gap of Comprehension stand.

Such

Such Priests as these Embarrass our Affairs;  
 And fill the giddy Populace with Fears;  
 Divide and Rule their Grand Apostle cries,  
 Then Liberty shall fall, and High-Church Power rise.

But all are not of this Degenerate Race,  
 Some Noble Prelates their Religion Grace,  
 Whom no Sinister Aims, or Party Spleen,  
 Cou'd ever Bribe the Church to undermine.  
 No Popular Attempts prevail with these,  
 Who most sincerely cultivate her Peace,  
 Those vile destructive Measures to pursue,  
 Which would infallibly the Church undo:  
 They saw with Horror what her Foes design'd,  
 And for her Ancient Legal Right combin'd,  
 With all those vast Advantages to Sence,  
 Which Truth can furnish out for Eloquence?

Judicious *Lin--n* for his Worth Renown'd,  
 With Piety, and every Vertue Crown'd,  
 In this Dispute acquir'd a Bright Applause,  
 And well defended his Illustrious Cause.

Couragious *Car--le* his distinguish'd Parts,  
 And finish'd Learning to the Cause imparts;  
 The routed Argument before him flies,  
 And in its Primitive Confusion dies;  
 Urg'd by strong Principles of Truth and Right,  
 Illumin'd *Fr--n* did with Judgment write,  
 To crush the growing Schism which might tend  
 To sink the State, and Church Dominion end.

But



But he to save 'em push'd his just Design,  
And with him Fifty more in Protestation join.

That Presbyters Subordination owe  
To Bishops, *S---k* did most plainly show,  
And Learnedly their Danger did disclose,  
Who held the Doctrines of the Lower-House.

*Trim---ll* for Innate Piety rever'd,  
Against these furious Levellers declar'd;  
With unaffected Modesty and Sense,  
He prov'd the Primate's just Preheminence.

*Gib---n* with Oratories pleasing Force,  
With Streams deriv'd from the Immortal Source  
Of Heaven and *Lambeth*, zealously maintain'd  
Th'Archbishop's Pow'r, and Reputation gain'd.

Learn'd in Church History, and Ancient Use  
Of former Synods, *Ken---t* did deduce  
The *Metropolitan's* presiding Place,  
And prov'd it with Inimitable Grace.

Full of the same most Excellent Design,  
Pathetic *Will---s* in a Strain Divine,  
Shews *Ephraim* how he may lost Peace restore,  
And envy *Judah's* happy Race no more.  
With what Excess of Joy does *Vern---y* tread  
The Heavenly Paths of Peace, no Guilty dread  
Can interrupt his Ease, no Black remorse  
Stains with ungovern'd Zeal his Learned Course.

Not melting Lovers when the Fair they Woove  
Taste more Delight, nor with more Sweetness Sue,  
Than these, when for the Churches Peace they move  
With all the soft Artillery of Love.

Besides these Glorious Few, a num'rous Train  
Of Worthy Prelates the same Cause maintain;  
Intrepid *Sa--m*, *Nor--b* all Divine,  
*E--y* and *Wor---r* with true Lustre shine.  
*Ox--d* St. *A—* *Cov—y* appear,  
With Rays of Heavenly Light serenely clear;  
*Ban—r* and *W—m's*, *Her—d* all claim,  
With *B—ll* and *Pet—b* dear to Fame,  
Among the Worthies of the Church a Name.  
*Gl—r* and *B—ll* eminently true,  
With *Lan—ff*, *Win—r* old Faith renew,  
And the just Int'rest of the Church pursue:

These all in strict Obedience persevere,  
And for the Queen's Supremacy declare;  
These no Delusions ever cou'd perswade,  
To join with those who have her Right betray'd.  
Long her Resentment glow'd within her Breast,  
And long her Mercy her just Rage deprest;  
Even now in mildest Terms \* her Letter claims  
Her Legal Right, 'tis with Concern she blames,  
Her Priests, and with Regret their Disobedience Names.  
With deepest Penetration she beheld  
Their vile Designs, nor Force by Force repell'd,

But

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\* Queen's Letter to the Archbishop.



But in a Charming Stile, with Heavenly Love,  
The Lower House's Schism do's reprove.

But they regardless of her Dread Command,  
In Opposition to her Pleasure stand ;

And tho' prorogu'd, her Mandates disobey,  
And meet and act their own Seditious Way.

No wonder they have in Rebellion been

Against their Primate, who thus slight the Queen ;

That Glorious Queen, who freely from the Throne

Has given such large Revenues of her own,

And to these Thankless Priests such true Compassion  
shown.

So when the Wanton *Isra'ites* Rebell'd

Against their Heavenly Guide in *Horeb's* Field ;

Nor did his Piety or Gifts avail,

Th'Ungrateful *Levites* vehemently rail ;

Sated with Food Divine which *Manna* cloy'd,

They murmur at the Blessings they enjoy'd ;

Forgetting all their Mighty Prophets Pain,

Of Pow'r assum'd the Factious Herd complain,

And *Aaron's* Legal Right invidiously Arraign.

Pleas'd with a Cause his Primate to oppose,

Seditious *Korah* and his Tribe arose ;

Rights of the *Hebrew* Temple they diffuse,

To raise Rebellion, and they Church traduce ;

To lessen *Aaron*, whom with Scorn they treat,

So near did *Jewish* Spight resemble High-Church Hate,

Aspiring *Dathan's* Soul, and *On's*, we see

Flaming in Pious *B---'s* and *K---*,

And Hot *Abiram's* Zeal betrays poor *A---*

These

These Modern Levellers like those Renown'd,  
 Thro' our Blest *Aaron's* Sides the *Temple* wound,  
 And on pretence of Rights her Sacred Peace confound. }

By such as these the Church in every Age  
 Has felt the sad Effects of Party Rage;  
 But Heaven which always smil'd on her Bright Fame,  
 And look'd with Pity on the suff'ring Dame,  
 Has rais'd up Hero's to assert her Cause,  
 And rouse the Terror of Vindictive Laws,  
 T'avenge her Injur'd Honour upon those  
 Who dare Insinuate her lost Repose.

Begin Cœlestial Muse the pleasing Strain,  
 Record the Hero's of Great *ANN A's* Reign,  
 By whose Unerring Councils she endears  
 Her Peoples Love, and *Europe's* Fate declares.  
 Harmonious Co---sing in Lays Divine,  
 By whose Bright Virtue Courts of Justice shine;  
 Such are the Charms of his Immortal Sence,  
 Union succeeds, and Happy Days Commence, }  
 And *Equity* receives from him its Influence.  
 But Oh! What Numbers shall the Sprightly Muse,  
 Equal to Great *God---n's* Wisdom chuse?  
 What Happy Strains his *Management* disclose,  
 Ador'd by Friends, and even rever'd by Foes?  
 Too weak alas is her aspiring Flame  
 To praise such Worth, such Merit to proclaim,  
 Such Scenes of Glory open to her view,  
 She's lost in Thought, yet urges to pursue.  
 O Charming *Ad---n*, the Theme is thine,  
 The Subject as the Poet is Divine.



Thy Strength of Reason, sweetly flowing Verse,  
 Alone are fit Great Sp—r to rehearse;  
 To paint the Graces of that Godlike Mind,  
 Where Judgment is with strictest Honour join'd,  
 And every Thought to *Britain's* Peace consign'd.  
 Your Sense Sublime it is, which must relate  
 How So—rs, Ha—x Divinely Great  
 Appear, like Guardian Angels of the *British* State.  
 How they in every Art and Council join,  
 How wake for our Support, for our Defence combine.  
 A Muse like yours Superiour to the Nine,  
 Alone is equal to the vast Design.  
 A Radiant List of *Worthies* I behold,  
 Whose Powerful Hands the Fate of *Albion* hold,  
 Whose *Resolutions* terminate in Law,  
 Peace to Preserve, and Rebels keep in Awe.  
 Among the Brightest of this Godlike Race,  
 A Heavenly Prelate stor'd with every Grace  
 Appears, Coelestial Peace and Love  
 Thro' every Scene of his Bright Actions move;  
 In him true Piety and Zeal we find,  
 A Nervous Judgment and Sweet Temper join'd,  
 The Ornament and Joy of Church and State,  
 The *Jesuits* Terrour, and the Tories Hate

The Best of Kings by Light from Heaven inspir'd,  
 And with just Ardour of his Vertue fir'd,  
 This Best of Bishops to the Temple gave,  
 To vanquish Errour, true Religion save,  
 To fix her Throne secure on lasting Peace,  
 Till Time shall fail, and rowling Ages cease;

That no Attempts from Faction's Priests or Rome  
Might interrupt her Happiness to come.

For this his Enemies revile his Fame,  
And load with Slander his Immortal Name;  
But he at Peace within sedately bears  
Their Hate, and unconcern'd their Malice hears.

No gath'ring Clouds of Thunder yet appear,  
Nor more amazing Premunire's scare;  
No Censures interrupt the soft Repose  
Of his Rebellious and Insulting Foes;  
Like the Good Queen he all Forgiveness seems,  
And the foul Rancour of their Spight contemns.  
So when his Glorious Master was abus'd  
By railing *Jews*, by their High-Church traduc'd,  
Mildly he did their Insolence reprove,  
For Murd'rous Hate he show'd down Heavenly Love,  
And Healing Moderation from above.



**FINIS**